

MARVEL[®]
COMICS



DAREDEVIL[®]

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

JUN
#376



FLYING
BLIND
PART 1

LOBDELL
HAMNER
MARTIN

WWW.MARVEL.COM

STRANGER
IN A
STRANGE
LAND





FLYING

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CHRISTIE SCHEELÉ
COLORS

Ow.

IT HURTS.

NOT JUST THE
BRUISES...

EVERYTHING.

THE TASTE OF
ANTISEPTIC IN
THE AIR.

THE SPIDER'S
BITE OF THE
ADHESIVE
CLINGING TO
MY SKIN.

THE FLUORESCENT
LIGHTS **BLINDING**
ME WITH THEIR...
INTENSITY?

BLINDING...
ME?

SIR?

SIR, I
HAVE TO ASK
YOU A FEW
QUESTIONS.

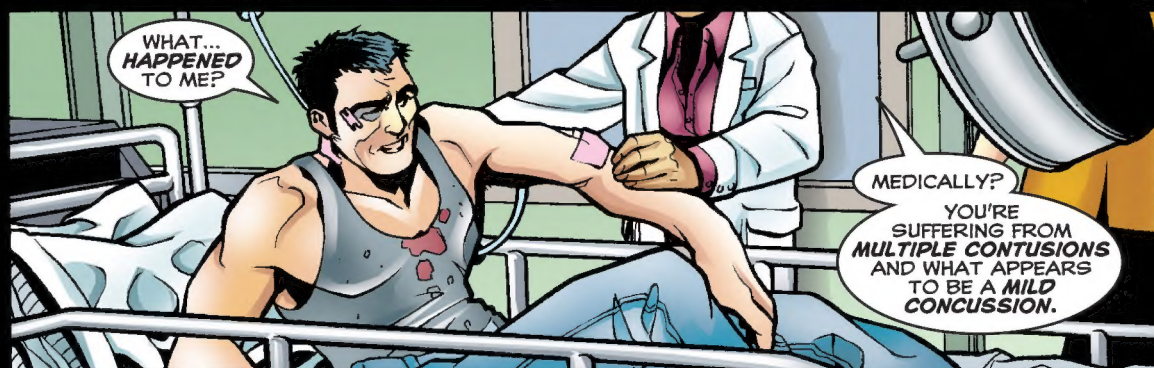
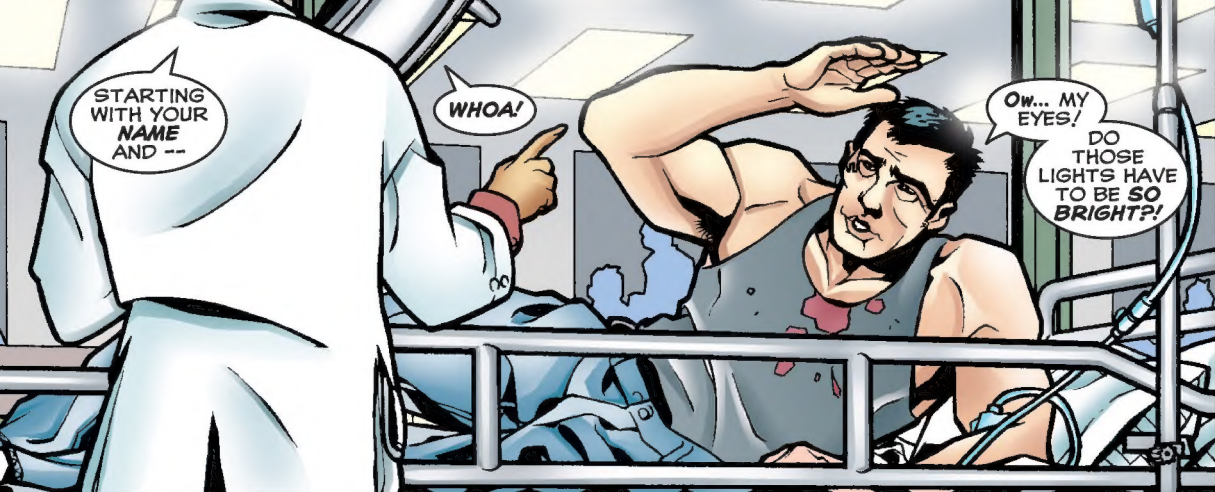
RS &
COMICRAFT /ST
LETTERS

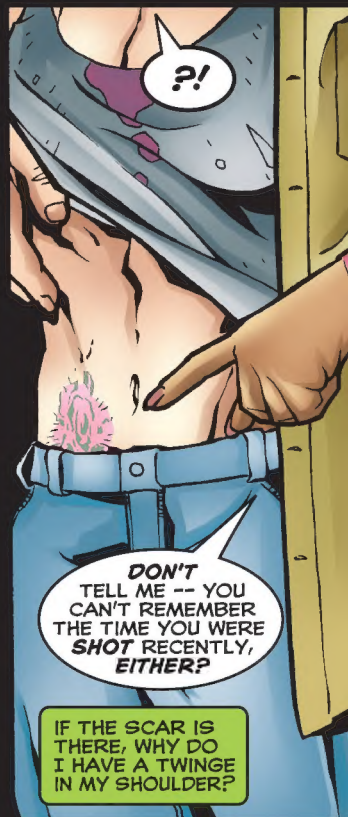
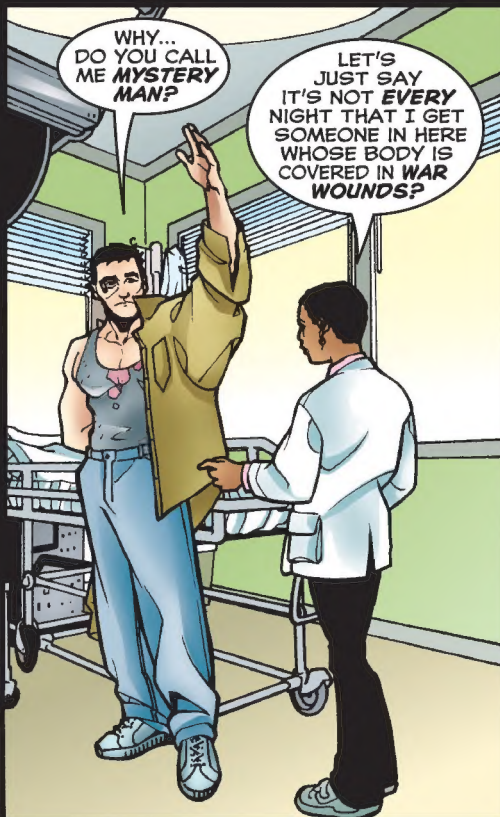
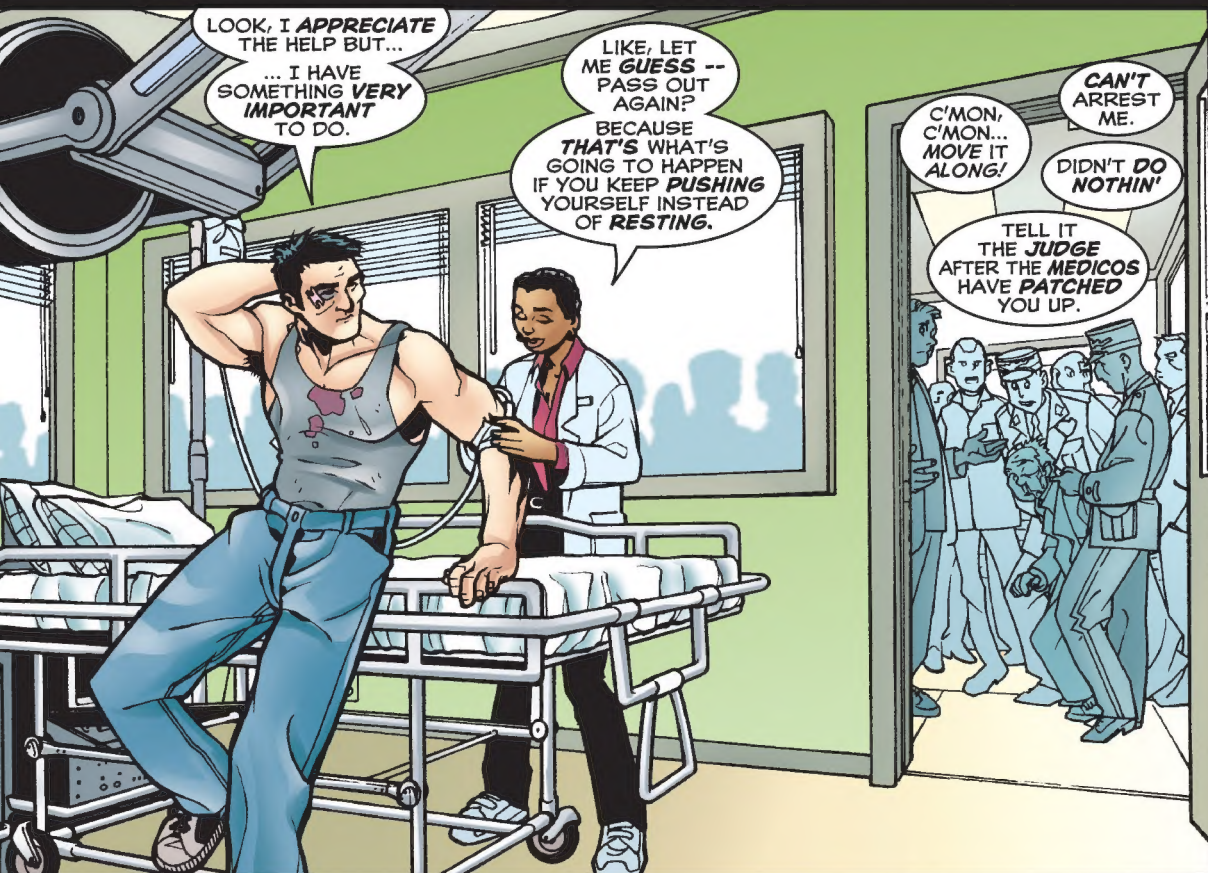
JAYE GARDNER &
TIM TUOHY
EDITORS

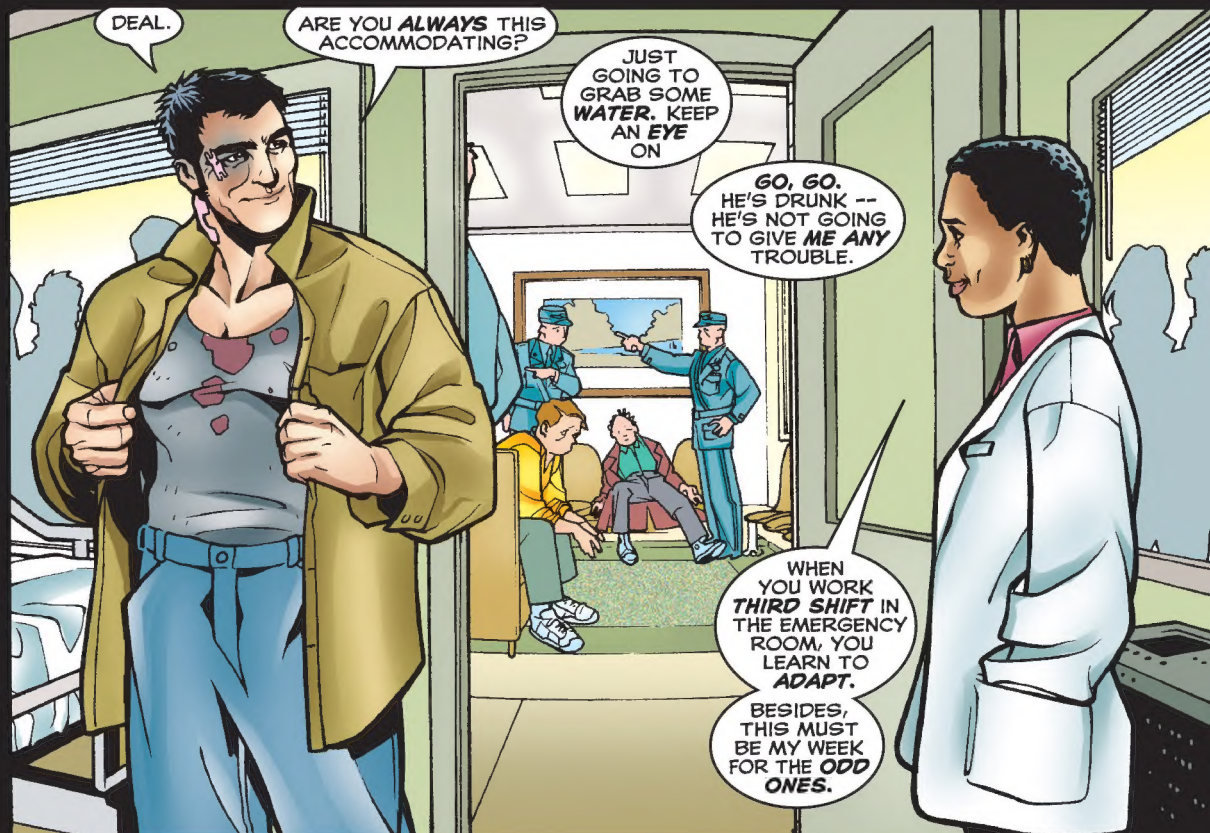
BOB
HARRAS
CHIEF

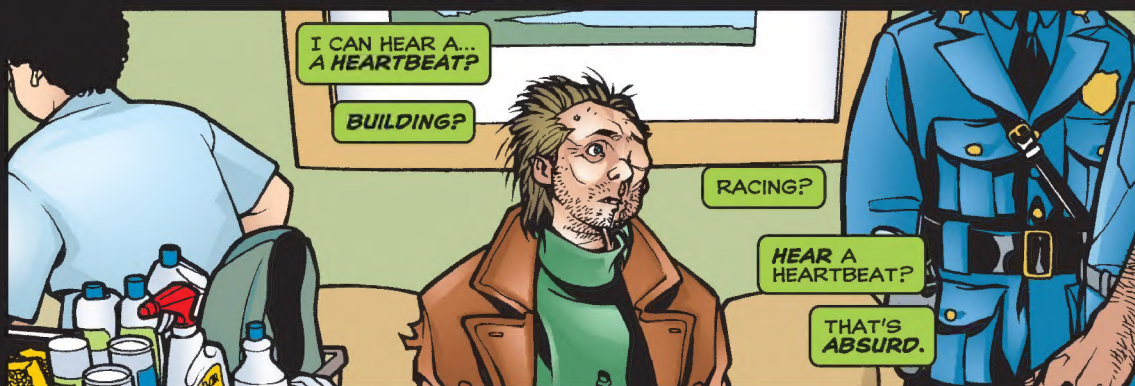
BLIND

OF 4













TIME TO *END* THIS.

NOW.

ALMOST BEFORE
I'VE EVEN *THOUGHT*
ABOUT WHAT TO DO...

... I'M IN
MOTION.

THE SOLE OF MY
SHOE MAKING
CONTACT WITH
THE SIDE OF
HIS HEAD.



HOW *LONG* HAS
IT BEEN SINCE
HE REACHED FOR
THE BEDPAN?

FOUR
SECONDS?

FIVE?



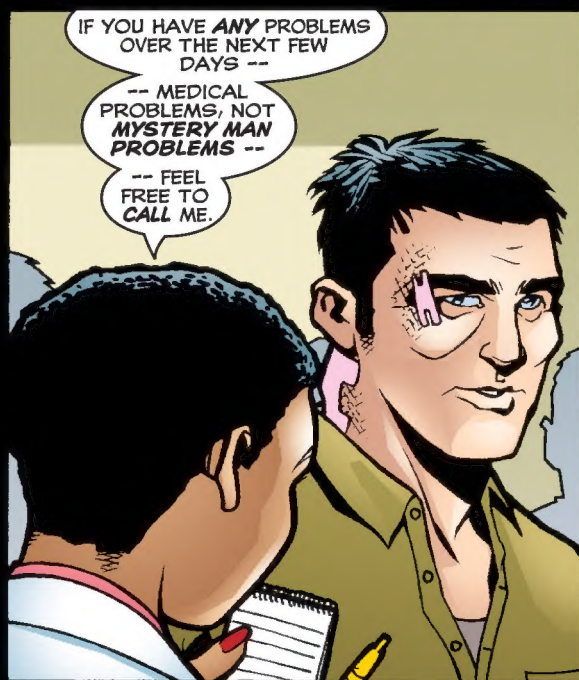
IT'S OVER *ALMOST*
BEFORE IT BEGAN.

IF I WASN'T
SO *FREAKED*
OUT --



-- I'D BE
IMPRESSED.

DON'T
MOVE.





OUT FROM BENEATH
THE *DIN* OF THE
EMERGENCY ROOM --

-- I'M *GRATEFUL*
FOR THE RELATIVE
QUIET OF THE STREET.



ONLY WISH I COULD
REMEMBER HOW I
GOT HERE, HOW I...



?!

DIDN'T SEE... CAR.

...

HORN...
EXPLODED...
IN MY EARS!

LOUD.

TOO
LOUD...



IMPOSSIBLY
LOUD!

I CAN BARELY *THINK*...
FOR THE THROBBING...

...WHAT IS
HAPPENING
TO ME?



I'M JUST SAYING WHAT I'M SAYING, THAT'S ALL.

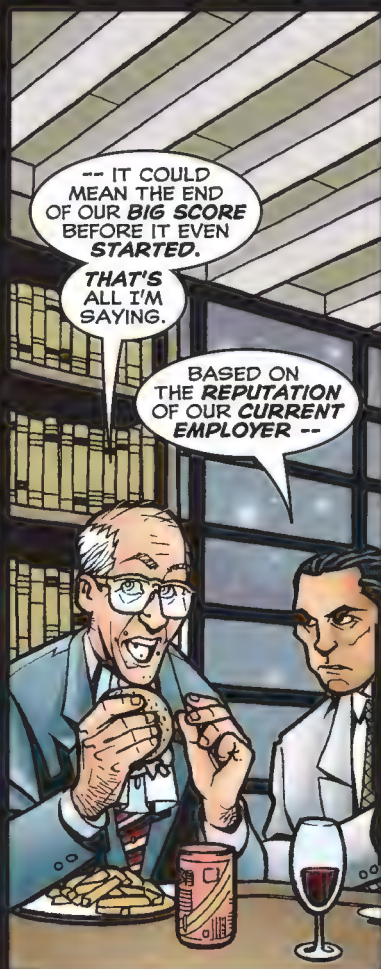


WHILE I'M SURE THAT IS **VERY** CLEVER IN YOUR **NATIVE AMERICAN** SLANG --

-- I HAVE **NO** IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, **MON AMI**.

I'M JUST SAYING THAT THE **LADY DOCTOR** **COULD** BE A PROBLEM.

IF SHE **PIECES TOGETHER** WHAT IT IS SHE SAW **THIS WEEK** --



-- IT COULD MEAN THE END OF OUR **BIG SCORE** BEFORE IT EVEN **STARTED**.

THAT'S ALL I'M SAYING.

BASED ON THE **REPUTATION** OF OUR **CURRENT EMPLOYER** --



-- I DON'T THINK THERE IS **MUCH** THAT IS CAPABLE OF GETTING IN THE WAY OF **HIS PLANS**...

HOME.

AT LAST.

THOUGHT I WAS
GOING TO *CHOKE*
TO DEATH ON THE
EXHAUST FUMES
FROM THE BUS.

THOUGH
NO ONE
ELSE SEEMED
TO MIND.

THIS IS THE
STREET WHERE
I LIVE.

HAVE LIVED FOR
THREE YEARS.

SO WHY IS IT AT
ONCE FAMILIAR --

-- YET
COMPLETELY
ALIEN...

... AS IF I'M
LOOKING AT
IT FOR THE
FIRST TIME?

MY LOBBY.

MADAMOISELLE,
HOW LONG HAVE
YOU *WORKED*
HERE?

HOW
OLD IS
DIRT?

OLD.

THIS MIGHT SOUND
STRANGE, BUT...
DO YOU *KNOW*
ME?

NOT
AS WELL
AS I'D LIKE
TO, I'M
SURE.



Umm...

NO, I'M
SERIOUS.

I'VE LIVED HERE FOR
THE PAST 3 YEARS.
IF YOU'VE WORKED
HERE, YOU **MUST**
HAVE **SEEN** ME
COME AND GO
BEFORE.
NOP

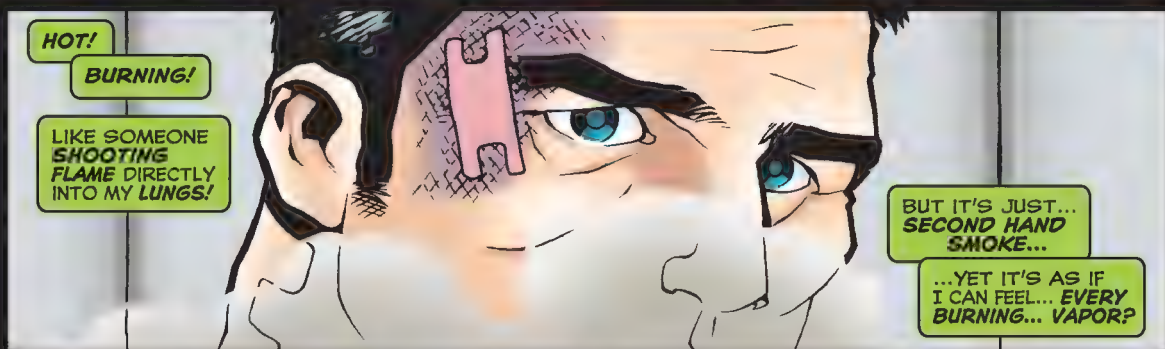
I'M
PAID PRETTY
GOOD MONEY
NOT TO NOTICE
PEOPLE COMING
OR GOING.

AGAIN... THE
SLOW MOTION.



SHE EXHALES
THE SMOKE.

...BUT IT
DOESN'T
FEEL LIKE
SMOKE.



HOT!

BURNING!

LIKE SOMEONE
SHOOTING
FLAME DIRECTLY
INTO MY LUNGS!

BUT IT'S JUST...
SECOND HAND
SMOKE...

...YET IT'S AS IF
I CAN FEEL... EVERY
BURNING... VAPOR?



HAK!
COFF!
HAK!

JUST AS
QUICKLY...
IT PASSES.

HEY, YOU
OKAY?



FINE.

COFF FINE.

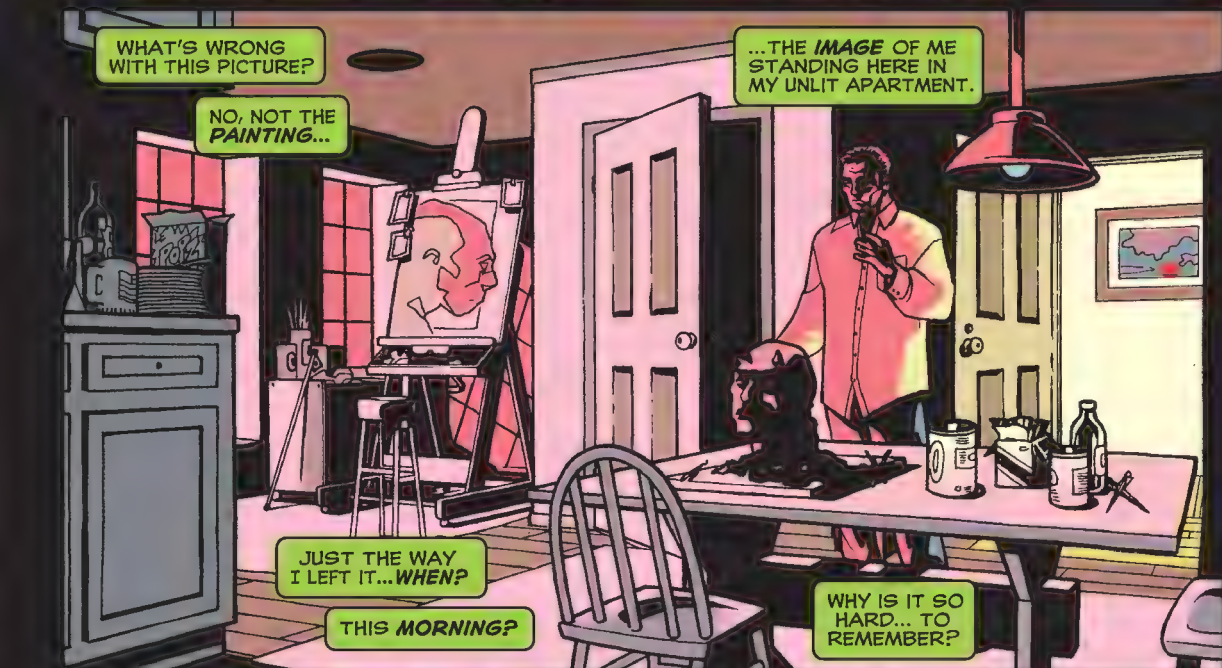
IF IT
MEANS ANY-
THING, **SNOW**
WHITE --
-- I
WOULD HAVE
REMEMBERED A
REAL SENSITIVE
GUY LIKE
YOU!



HOME, AT LAST.

LEAVE THE
LIGHTS OFF
FOR NOW.

FOR SOME
REASON,
I FEEL MORE
COMFORTABLE
IN THE DARK.



WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THIS PICTURE?

NO, NOT THE
PAINTING...

...THE *IMAGE* OF ME
STANDING HERE IN
MY UNLIT APARTMENT.

JUST THE WAY
I LEFT IT... *WHEN?*

THIS MORNING?

WHY IS IT SO
HARD... TO
REMEMBER?

I WAS *WORKING* --
THAT'S IT -- I WAS
WORKING ON THIS
PORTRAIT THIS
MORNING FOR...

BUT,
NO.

⇒SNIFF SNIFF⇒
THIS PAINT IS
⇒SNIFF⇒ EIGHT
DAYS OLD.

SO
WHY DO I
REMEMBER
PAINTING
THIS
MORN --





LISTEN
TO ME?
I'M
ACTING LIKE I
CAN DETERMINE
THE AGE OF
THE PAINT BY
SMELLING
IT?!

EITHER I'M
COMPLETELY
INSANE...

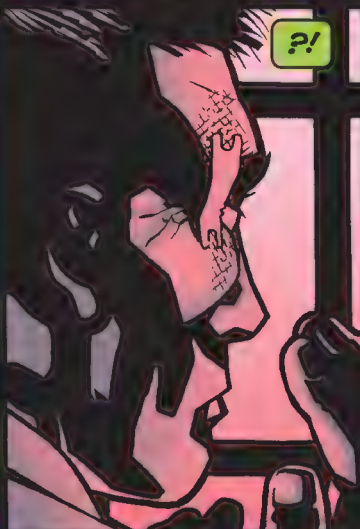
...OR
SOMETHING
VERY STRANGE
IS HAPPENING TO
MY BODY --
MY MIND.

I'M ABOUT
TO LEAVE...



...TO HEAD **BACK**
TO THE HOSPITAL.

TO HEAD **ANYWHERE** BUT HERE IN
THIS UNFAMILIAR PLACE, UNTIL --



?!



SOMETHING
I **SMELL**...

...SOMETHING
I...**RECOGNIZE?**



HERE, IN THE
APARTMENT.

THE **CLOSET.**

SMELLS OF...
SPANDEX?

SMELLS OF...



...MY PAST?

WHAT IS IT?

WHOA.

A UNIFORM?

A COSTUME?



WHY IS IT SO FAMILIAR...YET SO
FRIGHTENING AT THE SAME TIME?

DID I LEAD SOME SORT
OF DOUBLE LIFE?



AM I A SECRET AGENT?

A SERIAL KILLER?

A SUPER HERO?

A SUPER-VILLAIN?

IS IT POSSIBLE --

-- CONSIDERING MY
HEIGHTENED SENSES --

-- I'M A MUTANT?



SOMEWHERE...

I HAVE TO ADMIT IT, I'VE NEVER BEEN A BIG FAN OF THE SO-CALLED "SUPER HEROES."

...BUT WHEN S.H.I.E.L.D. NEEDED SOMEONE TO GO DEEP UNDERCOVER IN ORDER TO PROTECT EXTREMELY DELICATE INTERNATIONAL INTERESTS, THIS DAREDEVIL GUY CAME THROUGH.

IMAGINE, HAVING YOUR ENTIRE BRAIN REPROGRAMMED WITH AN IDENTITY THAT'S NOT EVEN YOURS.

SCIENCE DIVISION
LOGISTICAL DIVISION



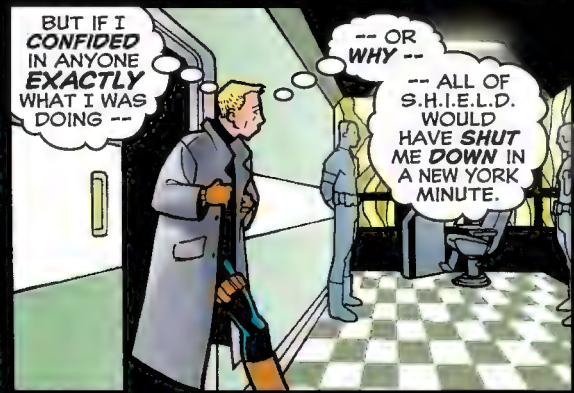
HE WAS MAKING A MAJOR SACRIFICE.

SURE, HE GETS HIS LIFE BACK WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER...

...BUT STILL.



I ONLY WISH I COULD HAVE TOLD HIM THE TRUTH.



BUT IF I CONFIDED IN ANYONE EXACTLY WHAT I WAS DOING --

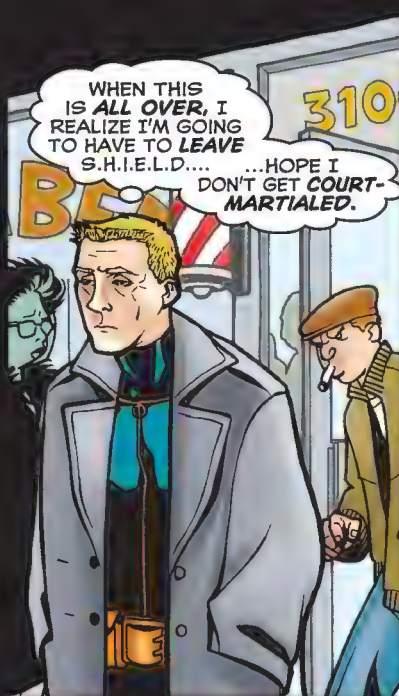
-- OR WHY --

-- ALL OF S.H.I.E.L.D. WOULD HAVE SHUT ME DOWN IN A NEW YORK MINUTE.

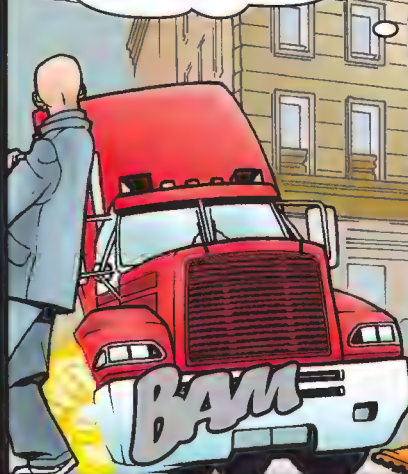


NIGHT, AGENT.

NIGHT, MAX.

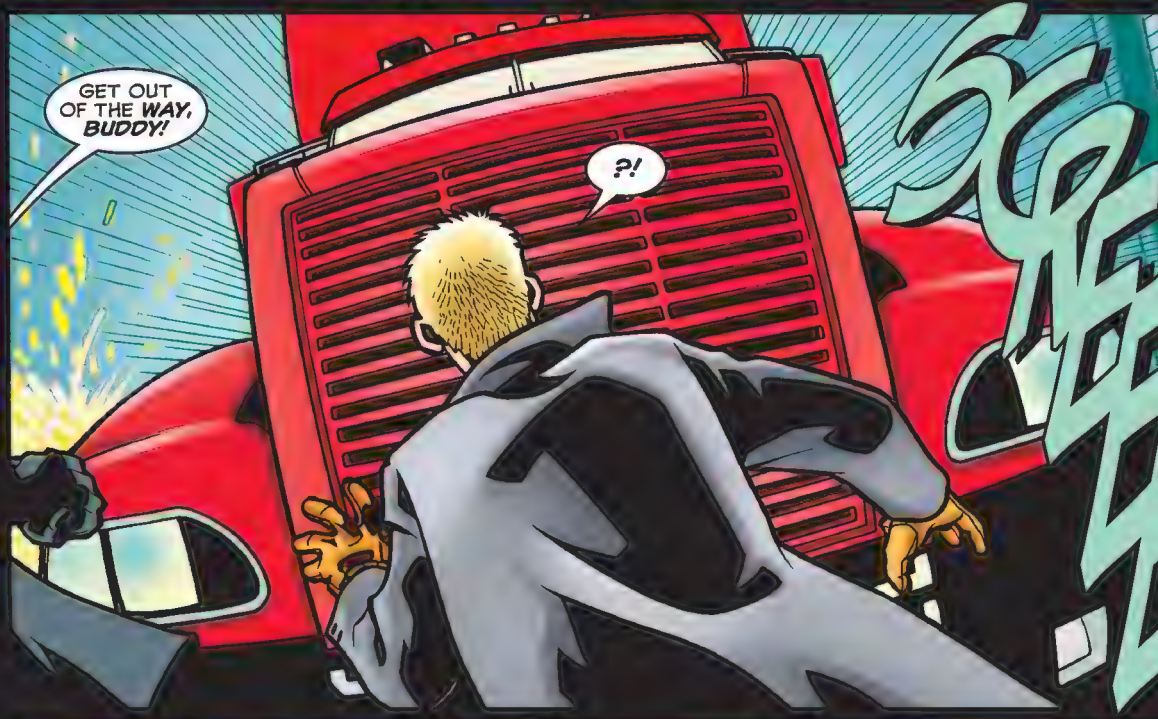


BUT *UNTIL* THEN, DAREDEVIL AND I ARE THE *ONLY HUMAN BEINGS* ON THE *PLANET* WHO KNOW WHO'S WORKING *UNDERCOVER*. AND EVEN HE DOESN'T --



WHA --?!

THAT *TIRE* ON THE *TRUCK* -- IT BLEW!



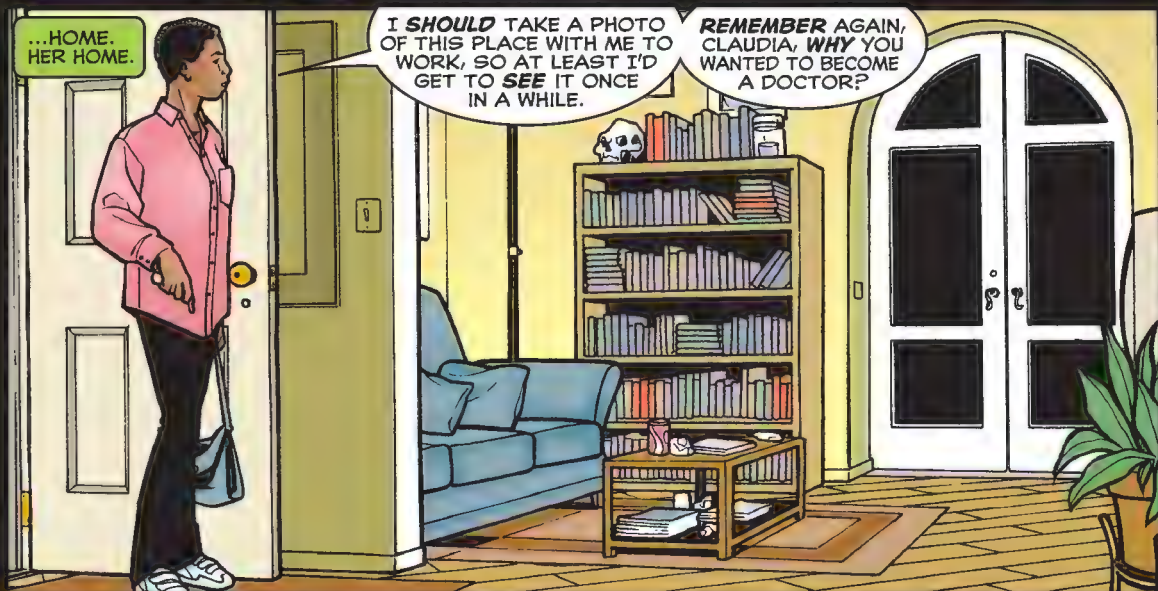


I HEAR HER.

HALF A BLOCK
AWAY, I RECOGNIZE
THE FOOTSTEPS.

ONE
FLIGHT.

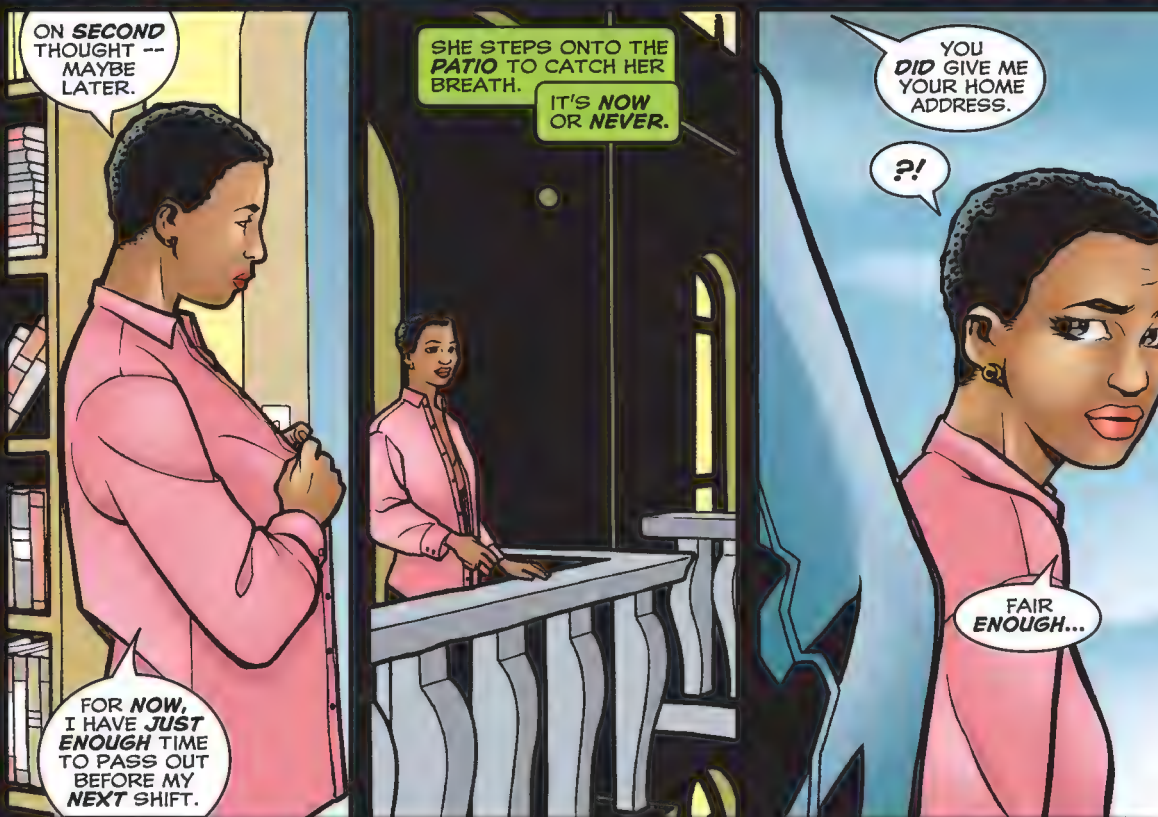
TWO...
THREE...
FOUR...



...HOME.
HER HOME.

I **SHOULD** TAKE A PHOTO
OF THIS PLACE WITH ME TO
WORK, SO AT LEAST I'D
GET TO **SEE** IT ONCE
IN A WHILE.

REMEMBER AGAIN,
CLAUDIA, **WHY** YOU
WANTED TO BECOME
A DOCTOR?



ON **SECOND**
THOUGHT --
MAYBE
LATER.

SHE STEPS ONTO THE
PATIO TO CATCH HER
BREATH.

IT'S **NOW**
OR NEVER.

YOU
DID GIVE ME
YOUR HOME
ADDRESS.

?!

FAIR
ENOUGH...

FOR **NOW**,
I HAVE **JUST**
ENOUGH TIME
TO PASS OUT
BEFORE MY
NEXT SHIFT.



...BUT
IS THERE A
REASON YOU
CHOSE THE **LEDGE**
TO MAKE YOUR
ENTRANCE?

Hmmp.

NOT **TOO**
CONVENTIONAL,
eh?

NOT
TOO,
NO.

BUT I'M
BEGINNING TO
THINK **OURS** IS
GOING TO BE A
DECIDEDLY
UNCONVENTIONAL
RELATIONSHIP.

NOW COME
INSIDE BEFORE
YOU BREAK
YOUR NECK.



SURE. **LISTEN**, CLAUDIA,
I KNOW I DON'T
KNOW YOU VERY
WELL...

...HECK, I
DON'T EVEN
KNOW IF I KNOW
ME VERY WELL..



...BUT
I NEED
YOUR
HELP.

WAIT.
STOP.
HOLD
IT.



IS
THAT A
"NO"?

I JUST
NEED A **DRINK**
BEFORE I
HEAR THIS.

WANT
ANYTHING?



CORDITE.

YOU WANT
CORDITE, THE
EXPLOSIVE?

NO, I
SMELL
IT...

MERCIFULLY, THE **METAL** DOOR FROM THE **FRIDGE** PROTECTS US FROM THE BRUNT OF THE EXPLOSION!

SOMEHOW -- MAYBE BECAUSE I WAS **EXPECTING** IT -- THE NOISE ISN'T AS **DEAFENING** AS I WOULD HAVE **THOUGHT**.

IT'S LIKE I CAN **INSTINCTIVELY** TUNE UP OR TUNE DOWN MY SENSES, LIKE A **DIAL** ON A **RADIO**.

STAY DOWN!

BAP BAP BAP

BOOM

BUT... **THIS?**

THIS IS GOING TO TAKE SOME **GETTING USED TO**.

IT'S MORE LIKE I... **SENSE**... SOMETHING.

LIKE **ONE** PART OF MY BRAIN IS **SENDING OUT RADAR SIGNALS** --

-- AND **ANOTHER** PART IS **INTERPRETING** THOSE SIGNALS INTO **IMAGES** IN MY MIND.

YOU **SEE** SOMETHING OUT THERE IN THE **SMOKE?**

NOT **EXACTLY**.

AND NOT THE MOST **WELCOME** OF **IMAGES** EITHER.

CLAUDIA, WERE YOU **EXPECTING** COMPANY?



WHAT **STARTED**
OUT AS A **PLEASANT**
DISTRACTION IS
GETTING **WEIRDER**
AND **WEIRDER**.

THE **TRUTH**
"LAURENT"--
WHO ARE
YOU?

IF I
KNEW...
I'D **TELL**
YOU.

BUT
SOMETHING
TELLS ME--

I **REALIZE** THAT I **SHOULD**
BE **NERVOUS...** **AFRAID** EVEN.

-- WE'RE
ABOUT
TO **FIND**
OUT!

BUT I'M **NOT**.

NOT EVEN A **LITTLE**.

FOR **SOME** REASON,
IT FEELS LIKE I'M...

...A **MAN** WITHOUT **FEAR**.



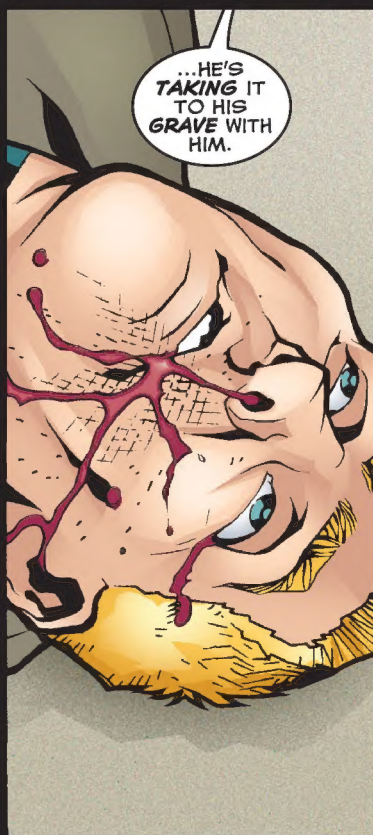
THERE,
AGAIN...

POOR GUY,
DIDN'T STAND A
CHANCE.

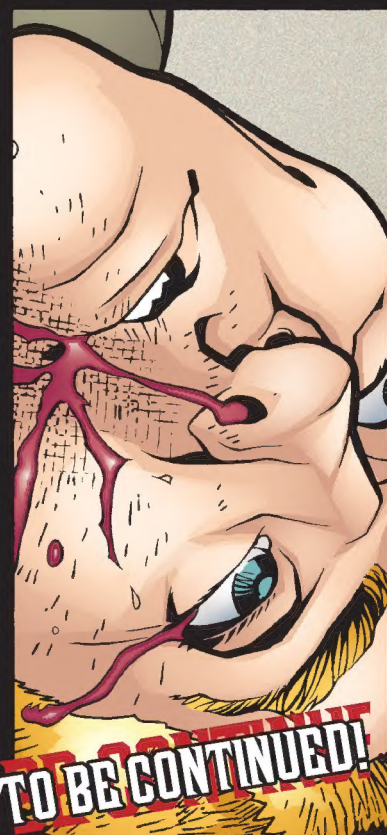
LOOK AT
THE WAY HE'S
DRESSED... LIKE
SOME KINDA
SECRET AGENT
OR SOMETHIN'.



WELL, IF
HE DID HAVE A
SECRET...



...HE'S
TAKING IT
TO HIS
GRAVE WITH
HIM.



TO BE CONTINUED!